What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction; to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
*North.* Haue you forgot the Duke of *Herford*, boy?
*H. Per.* No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
*North.* Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
*H. P.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhall ripen and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſart.
*Bul.* I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends:
my And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
*North.* How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what ſturre
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of Warre?
*H. P.* There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
estimate None elſe of name and noble eſtimation.
*Nor.* Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,*
Bloudy with ſpurring, fierie red with haſt.
*Bul.* Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traitour: all my treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
*Roſſe.* Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.
*Wil.* And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
*Bull.* Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere? ‡‡ *Enter Barkely*
*Nor.* It is my Lord of Barkeley, as I gueſſe.
*Barck.* My Lord of *Herford*, my meſſage is to you.
*Bul.* My Lord, my anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,

* *Enter Roſſe & Willoughby*

And...



And I muſt find that tit
Before I make reply to
*Bark.* Miſtake me no
To race one title of you
To you my Lord I com
From the moſt glorious
The Duke of *Yorke*, to
To take aduantage of th
And fright our natiue p
*Bul.* I ſhall not need
Here comes his Grace i
*Yorke.* Shew me thy h
Whoſe duety is deceiue
*Bul.* My gracious V
*Yorke.* Tut, tut, grac
I am no traitours Vnck
In an vngracious mouth
Why haue thoſe baniſh
Darde once to touch a
But more then why? W
So many miles vpon he
Fryting her pale-facde
And oſtentation of deſp
Comſt thou becauſe th
Why fooliſh boy, the
And in my loyall boſon
Were I but now Lord
As when braue *Gaunt* th
Reſcued the Blacke Pri
From foorth the rancks
O then how quickly ſh
Now priſoner to the Pa
And miniſter correctio
*Bul.* My gracious V
On what condition ſtan
*Yorke.* Euen in cond
In groſſe rebellion, and
Thou art a baniſht ma

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND